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To-day

JOSEPHINE HOLLY SCHOFIELD

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JOSEPHINE HOLLY SCHOFIELD

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Yesterday

I HAVE a garden sweet with flowers,
Wherein I spend delightful hours.
There is no lock, nor key within,
Yet none may enter boldly in.
But I have guests who sup with me,
The fairest one is Memory.
Oh, wondrous guest! She takes my hand,
She leads me back to child-hood land.
Oh, magic realm of love and truth!
Of bounding hope, and joy, and youth!
I cannot tear myself away—
I would that I might ever stay
In that sweet land of yesterday.

Today

ALL my cares have flown away,
Joy is in my heart today.
What to me is dark despair,
In this sweet, effulgent air.

What care I for fortune's sting,
When the birds begin to sing,
And the warm sun opens up
Violets, and buttercup.

Ho! for the woods, and singing brook,
And sweetly-scented, shelter'd nook.
I hate the town, its jostlings rude,
My soul cries out for solitude.

I found a spot—wondrous fair!
Angels must have bivouac'd there.
Daisied hill-side, strangely sweet,
Blue-bells nodding at my feet.

Crannied rocks, with verdure spread
Heaven's blue dome overhead.
Here I lie, and idly dream,
Lulled by sweet, pellucid stream.

Idly dream, and rest content,
Filled with awe and wonderment.
Circling worlds I seem to see,
Keyed in tuneful harmony.

Choral strains my spirit hears,
'Tis the "music of the spheres".
Listen to the throbbing earth,
Pulsing with creation's birth.

With a heart to sense and feel,
Nature seems about to kneel,
Now the rain comes pouring down,
Over woodland, field and town.

See the lilies holding up
Each its dainty, waxen cup.
Grateful flowers, ev'ry one,
Drooping in the noonday sun.

Now the rainbow's in the sky,
Promise that the storm is by.
Seven colors, all we know,
Shining in that rad'ant bow.

I care not what to-morrow brings,
Today has brought me wondrous things.
If sorrow comes, and come it may,
I've had my fill of joy to-day!

In My Easy Chair

H, the enchanting scenes that flow
As I slowly rock—to and fro.
Picturing earth, and sea, and sky,
A tempest wild, a lullaby.
Or, nestled in some leafy grot,
Daisies sweet, and forget-me-not.

Princes, and Knights, and peasant born,
The Pipes of Pan, and Roland's horn,
Monk and poet, saints and sages,
Pass along adown the ages.

Oh, far-off lands! Ablaze with story
Of tender love, and martial glory,
On fancy's pinions, wild and free,
I wing my flight, to joy, and thee.

. . . . .

Straight as a bird to sheltered nest,
I fly to thee—Isle of the Blest!
Then hasten on, for love's sweet sake,
To greet the Poets of the Lake.

At Rydal Mount I bend the knee,
And hail the King of Poesy.
And solace find, and goodly cheer
On the green slopes of Windermere.

When the moonlight, soft and tender,
Mantles earth in witching splendor,
Then do the Dryads all come out
And dance around, and wind about.

Till all the senses of the night,
Phantoms seem of wild delight.
And rock, and tree, and crystal stream,
Like visions seem of fairy dream.

When cold winds blow, and snow-flakes fall,
We gather in the lordly hall,
With wit, and mirth, and flow of soul,
We linger round the flowing bowl.
And pledge to comrades, far and near,
Our loyalty, with boist'rous cheer.

. . . . .

I climbed the ivied battlements,
And kissed the Stone of Blarney!
Along the emerald bays I strayed,
Of beautiful Killarney!

At Innesfallon's shrine I knelt,
Through Castle Lough I wandered,
At Mountain Tore, and Glenna Bay,
The heedless hours I squandered.

At Mueros, too, I stopped to pray,
And breathe a sweet confession,
While all those sainted monks of old
Passed by in wierd procession.
And oh! with wildly-beating heart,
I rode in Paddy Duffy's cart!

. . . . .

And then I heard the wild halloo
Of huntsmen bold, on Ben-Venue.
And on that wild, and tortuous way,
A tear I dropped, for the "dappled Grey!"

Across Loch Katrine's mirrored blue,
With eager stroke our shallop flew,
On Ellen fair, I then did call,
And entered the enchanted hall.

I stroll by Afton's crystal stream,
By Mary's lowly cot I dream,
And oh, I thought my heart would break
For Highland Mary's sainted sake.

Oh, Magic Land, of song and story!
Of virgin love, and martial glory!
I scarce can turn away my face,
I fain would now my steps retrace.

. . . . .

I paced Alhambra's stately halls
With reverential tread,
On Saragossa's fateful field
I slumbered with the dead.

Like those bold Troubadours of old,
Beneath the latticed casement.
I sang of holy pilgrimage,
And of love's sweet abasement.

. . . . .

On Elba's lone, and rocky isle,
"Where winds and waters meet,"
By conquering hero's exiled throne,
I stayed my wandering feet.

In Kremlin's stately pile I stood,
And listened to the story
Of gruesome march, and ravished fields,
And battle-fields all gory.

I heard the last despairing knell,
As "Freedom shrieked" when Poland fell.

. . . . .

And now I go where skies are blue,
Where love is long, and hearts are true.
Cradled in this slumberous air,
Sweet visions rise, surpassing fair!

Here Sappho struck her note of joy,
And Helen laid the siege of Troy.
Rembrandt comes with Saskia dear,
Poet, and Painter,—all are here!

As Ulysses loiters in his travels,
Penelope knits, and then she ravels,
Calypso shakes out her dripping tresses,
And with wanton looks the youth caresses.

In Tusculum fair, I go to meet,
The gracious Tullia, "honey-sweet,"
And as we toss the perfumed toy,
Our senses throb, and thrill with joy.

Capri flaunts each witching grace,
In Tyrrhenian's mirrowed face,
Her basalt cliffs towering high
To meet the azure of the sky.

Oh sea, of indolence and bliss!
Lapping the shore like lover's kiss.
We dip our oars in the rippling tide,
And softly over the waters glide.

. . . . .

The vision fades, no more I roam,
I hear the strains of "Home, Sweet Home."
Dearer than all the world to me,
My Native Land—America!

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